

AN
ENCOMIUM

UPON

That most Accomplish'd

GENTLEMAN,

Stephen Mosdel, *Esq;*

Martial of the *Kings • Bench Prison,*
Southwark,

As also a short Narrative, or Anatomie of
the *Fleet-Prison, Newgate,* and both the
Compters.

By *John Knap, M. D.*
Philalethes.

*The Worthey are to wear the Bays.
Whose Temples, when begin with it;
Shews but the merits of a praise,
Confer'd by them who point at it.*

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TO THE READER.

I Ingenious Reader, if thou wilt waste
off a few volatile minutes, in perusal
of this leaden piece of lumber, I pro-
mise in some sort to requite thee by using
brevity, and eschewing affectation, Rho-
domoniads, or crackling words; for look
how they fall from my Pen, so they shall
pass without being lict into any other form
then what they were whelped; for he that
dives for Pearl in the Ocean of Ver-
bofity,

To the Reader.

boſity, may meet with a quarre of
pebbles, and be gravel'd in diſgrace.

I ſhall therefore keep ſuch a medium,
and ſo Cloath my diſcourſe, as is a fit
drefſ for Truth to be ſeen in, ſtudying
more the weight of verity, then orna-
ment of words, by which I may eſcape
a Cloud of Cenſure, which will over-
caſt the brighteſt beams of Ingenuity.

But not to arreſt thy patience with
a farther interruption, I give a ſtop to
the current of my Pen, and redreſs to
my ſubject.

But before I begin (by the way of
Parentheſis) I muſt tell thee, I almoſt
fear to name the perſon I would com-
mend, leſt I ſin againſt his humanity,
which can ſuffer any thing but its own
praiſes

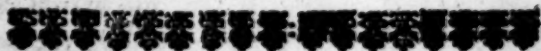
To the Reader.

praises, like the Sun, which (though all
admire) it cannot admire it self.

But yet such are my affections, than
(like powder enclosed in a Ball of iron)
they cannot but take fire and rend their
furious parts as impatient, to come to their
center of Love.



An



admirer) it cannot advance it self.

[illegible]

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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

An Enconium upon that
most Accomplish'd Gentle-
man, *Stephen Mosdel*, of the *Kings-
Bench-Prison, Southwark, &c.*



Tis not a thousand years since
I wa a Carcerarian under the
Custody of this Gentleman,
and a poor Victim upon his
Aeture, trembling like a Par-
tridg before a Faulcon; but instead of *Wul-
vers* Talens, I met with silken hands; and in
lieu of Sack-cloath and Ashes, I found cloath
of Tissue, and spread Carpets of Velvet.
The ravenous Kite, which in other Prisons
Bipes the poor Robins to the hearts, was

here turn'd to a Dove, and fed me ; nothing that had hands of merit to reach, but might receive mercy from him.

I cannot blazen his Coat, nor derive his Pedigree, and so an unfit Herauld of his paternal glory ; but this I can say, and he needs not blush to hear it, *suis majoribus virtute praeluxit.* It is a true saying, *a good man is known by giving good Examples,* for his wholesome documents are as golden Spurs to Virtue ; behold but the civil deportments of all his Sublunaries and Servants, what a harmony Syntax, or Synterefis there is amongst them, who are as so many Trumpets, to proclaim their Masters Renown. One would think (by their strange, and unheard of humanity,) they had been *Academians*, &c. Brothers to the Muses ; they are the most obligiv'd persons, that ever I put mine eyes upon ; so infinite is their patience and humanity, that a man can hardly abuse them, be-

because they cannot be made angry at abuses ; from the *Janitors* to the *Scabini*, they move in such a Votary Zodiack, that one would take them for a planetary Society about the Sun, and therefore the *Bench* may be stil'd rather to be an *Academy* than a *Prison*, and truly no marvel ; for how can a ship run against a Rock, when so wise a Pilot sits at Helme.

That brave Soul, the Martial, is a man so truly merciful, that he never eats a plentiful Meal, but it minds him of those which are in necessity, whom he presently refreshes, by opening the sluices of his bounty, from whence silver streams of Charity plentifully flowes.

Amongst many others, witness my self, whom he sent for (after I was tired out by a long seige of Tyranical Enemies, and spirit-bound, through want and sickness,) saying

thus ; Doctor, I understand you are a person of fair endowments, but above all, sublimely qualified upon a Physical account ; it putties me to think you should be baracado'd up, and obstructed from liberty ; I hope therefore if I give it you, it will not be abused ? I dare say Doctor, if any of your Creditors, (and I had not a few) bring you in Execution, you will not abscond your self, or play least in fight, will you Doctor saies he ? But methoughts, all this while it was not his, but an Angels voyce, his vocal Cadences (like Chatareots or Stillacids of honey) hapst into the bosome of the Aire, and perfum'd it (as if the Gardens of Spices had been set on fire, or a pot of Incense kindled) ; but to his *Quere* I thus repli'd.

Sir, I have no other hostage then mine honour, which I freely paune, wishing that I forfit the same, (*Herod* like) my flesh may be eaten up with wormes, and my Soul
by

by *Charon*, be waisted over the *Stygian Lake*, and stay in Hell till my body comes, where the Infernal Spirits may rendezvous in the most inward recesses thereof.

Well Doctor saies he, no more, no more ; I am satisfied of your Integrity ; go and prosper, I take your own word ; use the large Talent Heaven has bestowed upon you, and those rich dowries of the Diety, which (if you please your self) may make you inferior to nothing, great or opulent : And then (like those Angels which conducted Lot out of Sodom), he departed.

O unheard of Candour ! I am ravish'd, my hare stands an end, all the *Oecomonicks* of Nature are unhinged ; my blood cruses like Julebs through my veins ; I could run out of my self, to make room for admiration ! What, for an Eagle to stoop at a Wren, which preys upon Flies and Spiders, while he

himself sets upon the highest Turret in the house of Fame, *O de boni*? now I believe the Doctrine of *Pythagoras*, about Transmigration of Souls, that some Angel slpt into his body when he was asleep. O unheard of bounty! to snatch a man (by a holy violence) from a burning lake of Penurie: What shall I say? had any thing done it, but himself whose natural temper is alwaies to do good, I should swear Miracles were not yet ceas'd. Go harrow the Topicks of the world, and fly to the very *Cælum imperiosum*, see if you can meet with such another *Pompey* of honour, to take a mans own single word for Actions amounting to at least 2000. l. when as, if I had given him the slip, the Waller had lain upon his back: and all this while nothing could irritate him to it, but true pittty to a distressed Gentleman, bred up to parts, perhaps something better then usually men are in this blookish age.

Truly

Truly I am not stipend to enbase his virtues with the black enamel of my weak praises, which rather sullies then adorns. I do but render a payable duty, to prevent a surfeit of ingratitude, call'd the black jaundies of the Soul, or the Devils Epidemical pest, and so what shall I say? I am out of breath, the farther I run, the farther I am behind, like a Cow pursuing a Hare; the more I speak, the more I have to say. The vertue of his little finger were subject enough for my shallow brains to work upon, and so I consider it is best to do as *Geographers*, who draw the whole world in a little Map; I shall therefore in a few sheets. shew his back-parts, it will require a large volume to delineate his full splendour.

In fine, he is the mirour of man-kind, and one of an unfathomable worth, which was never conspicuous, till of late, he became capacitated to shew it; and now, nothing

Yet a blind Buzzard, a stupid & paralitical
obtuse dunce, in whose Cockscomb the De-
vil has board a hole, took out the brains and
shred it, but must see his heroick Soul qua-
lified and adapted from all goodnes and ge-
nerosity.

I confess he is fitter for a nobler employ,
then what he is posset off, and yet the fittest
for it, for who so fit for distressed objects
as a merciful man, one made up of bowels of
Compassion, order'd like *Habakkuk* to
feed Lambs in a Lyons Den; yea, it was a
Den, a *summus juu*, to bury men alive in;
a *Golgotha*, an *Acheldama*, a *Charnel-house*,
Alexandry, or *Hell*, before this brave Soul
(by his generous Candour) rebaptiz'd it,
and now it may be called an Hospitall, or
Sanctuary.

And yet notwithstanding that these his
Coruscant rayes of a beautiful example
shines

shines so bright, and conspicuous in the eyes of all men; how stinty and pertinacious are some Custodiaris, sucking poor Prisoners hearts bloods out; upon which score, I am Ecstasied, and wonder at the preposterous madness of these which are attached by the Devils Life-guard, called *Bayliffs*, or *Serjeants*, that they should turn over to any other Prison but the *Bench*.

For to speak truth, that Judge which sends you thither, transmits you (as it were) to your Fathers house; but he that packs you to the *Fleet*, hurries you to *Purgatory*, where you shall lye broyling like *St. Lawrence* upon a Gridiron of Discontent, and Toolted upon a fork of Flagrancy, till all your pecuniary fat drops into their dripping pans, and so you become lean as *Pharaohs* Cows; there you shall be in a great house, like Asses in a Pound, chewing the Cud in apprehension of Provender, while the Fidler plays

plays no such matter; and thus the old Proverb is verified, *the nearer the Church, the farther from God.*

I have had the misfortune to try both, and both have try'd my patience. But should necessity put me upon being in one, I would rather be seven years in the *Bench*, then so many days in the *Fleet*: I love not that Church where the Devil rings the Saints Bell, nor that flock of Geese where the Fox Preaches.

I had rather associate with the Dove, then the Kite, or be in a Pinfold with the Lambs, then lock'd up in the Tower with the Lyons; but yet there be some Focles, who had rather go naked, then want a gay Coate. It is a dangerous pest which is catcht by the wind of Curiosity.

The

The *Fleet* puts me in mind of a great Dutch Strumpet, bedaubed with Gold Lace, living at the sign of the *Venus*, who use to draw in a pack of Coxcombs to see her fair house, while she pick'd their pockets; like the *German* Princess, who bull'd the poor Citizen: or rather the *Fleet* resembles a Roman Statue, which is brass without, and dirt within.

There's a fair house, but slender rules, which reach no farther then the new-built Baudy-houses, which is about as far from the *Fleet*, as one of her Prisoners can piss, who is so poor he can hardly shite for bones. When the Devils blind (and one of his eyes are out) *Habeas Corpus* will be granted; pray God it be *John*, that *Will.* may not have his *Will*.

In fine, I look upon the *Fleet* to be a Decoy, which brings poor Ducklings into the

the Net, and off goes their necks. Whereas the noble *Bench*, is rather a Sanctuary, then a Prison, defending distressed Gentlemen from ravenous Wolves, who would rend them in pieces, and be licking their Arses before they can let down their Britches.

Such I say, the *Bench* legally relieves, and instead of wounding, heals them ; therefore, since men must be chastized for telling lies, had they not better be whipt with a Nose-gay than a Rod of Iron ? if a man must be a Prisoner, had he not better be in the *Bench*, where he shall be nobly used, then in the *Fleet*, to lie wind-bound, spirit-bound, and to boote, strike sayle to every inconsiderable Coxcomb (I would say Cockboat) but preposterous people will run like a guiddy torrent, wheresoever phantasie transports them, and sayle with every blast of Innovation.

I confess the *Fleet* is a fairer house then the *Bench*; what then? sounds the Viol ever the better for the Varnish? or is the Parsons Sermon more edifying for the Velvet Cushion? Give me good meat in an earthen dish, rather then Carrion in a silver Charger. A brave mind in a mean habit, is to be prefer'd before a painted *Jezabel* with a polluted heart. I had rather dye in our noble Martials Armes, then live in the bosome of the *Fleet*, for which, if you expect mercy, you will be deceived like *Scoging*, who went to let a *Fart*, and beshit his breeches; perhaps you may get a parcel of fair words.

But no longer *Larzion*, no longer *Swish*; the *Fleet*s sweet language, with its now performance, is like the Courtship of the Sun and Moon, who have lookt upon each other 6000. and odd years, and never kis'd, nor came together.

The

The Officiates at the Fleet, are like the Hebrew Language, to be read backwards; when they promise Mountains, look for Mole-hills; and thus distressed Gentlemen become Slaves to Mecanick Rascals; whereas on the contrary, our heroick Martial, the glory of the living, the poor mans patron and the Prisoners Sanctuary, is as good, as just, and as merciful as may be; his lovely face being an Index of his generous Soul; one so lovely, that a man would think nature had made all the rest of man-kind in jest, and him only in earnest.

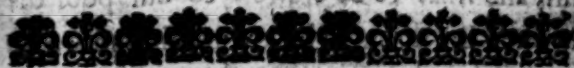
Had he been a woman, I should have ventured my neck in a Rope, rather than lost so much pleasure as so sweet a personage would have afforded; and he is not more outwardly handsome, than inwardly gracious, for look what his Tongue saies (which is the Ambassador of his Soul) his heart resolves to do, and so his glorious spirit has a scabard futable

futable to the embelish'd steel within, but be-
 ware how you draw him to anger, least (like
 the Cherubims flaming sword) some sparks
 flie in your face; for *Corruptio optimi est*
peffima, the Bee has a sting, well as honey; &
 and the sweet Rose prickles; he is a Father
 to the Ingenious, but a scourge to the Impi-
 ous, and so 'his Iron hand will recompence
 his leading feet; he will forbear much, but
 not too long: Those that think to load
 themselves with spoiles, taken from the Ar-
 my of his abused mercies, make but a rod
 for their own backs, and will be cheated like
Perillus about the brazen Bull.

I am sorry my throat is too narrow to
 proclame his deservings, I wish I were qua-
 lified enough to do it, and then no golden-
 tongu'd Orator should draw the Effies of
 his merits more to the life then I. O that I
 had the Arch-Angels Trumpet, that I might
 make both Heaven and Earth ring of his Re-
 nown.

down ! But I am not parted sufficiently to do it, my Pen flags like a Buzzards wings, from whence it was pluck'd, else I would enrol him in fames eternal Register, and that with the point of a Diamond.

His mercies have not been a few to most, more, or less, to all, but infinite to me. To my knowledg (besides my self) above two hundred persons, together with their Wives and Children, owe their Lives to his benignity ; Therefore doubtless, ere age gets one foot in the Grave, he will get sure footing in Heaven. For mercy rejoices against the day of mercy, and cruel men tremble to think of the day of Judgment.



I F so, how happy are the just : how sweet
 Their joyes will be when Soul and body
 (meet)

When th^e Angels shall invite them to a feast
 Of Solace, Comfort, and Eternal Rest :

There shall they sit upon the Throne of Grace,
 Beholding Christ the Saviour, face to face !

With all the Heavenly Host of Saints, and
 (Quire
 Of Angels, bright as the Celestial fire.

Then let our noble Martial surely know,
 He has a place above, well as below.

C

Then

Then thus you see what it is to be merciful, and what to be cruel, to our poor distressed Brethren, who are within the Verge of our powers to help, or hurt. *When I was Naked, you Cloathed me not; when in Prison, you Kissed me not; Woe to them who chose the distressed as a mark to shoot at, for they will find their Arrows reverberate upon their own bosoms.*

But the merciful and humble will have a Cage of Nightingals dwelling in their breasts, always singing Halalujahs, and Sonnets, taught by the Master of Celestial Musick, the Holy Ghost.

Ob! Its only proper for base Spirits to glut their Swords with blood; and the greatest symptom of a Coward, to Tyrannize over a Gyant bound in Chaines.

Happy

Happy he then, who lends an ear to the cries of the poor, for he will find the Heavens besieged with prayers for his salvation. Then away with those Parasits, who have *Jacobs* voice, and *Esau's* hands; whose garments smell of Incense, while their Attires stink of the smock and brood of Martyrs. Come, come, too high winding a string, cracks it; and he that makes the sword of Justice too sharpe, may cut his own fingers.

Behold then our noble Martial, a precedent of mercy drawn to the life by a divine Penit, that good man, dear to God, and born for holy enterprizes; will I let him go on like an innocent Dove, and spread his silver wings far as his praises reach, that at last he may be lifted to that *Calum imperium* while cruel Tyrants lie grouling in the internal abiss of Hell: Let his holley cheeks be bedew'd with tears of pity, and not his

hands be besmeard with the blood of Innocents. Let not his Soul drink gall, while his lips distill honey; but let his Actions be consonant with his expressions, like a true eight struck in Musick, nor let his Porch be fairer then his Temple, and then his Lives bright Sun will set with greater glory far, then others rise; his Actions will blossom in the dust; his Urne will parturite flowers which will smell sweet in the Nostrils of the Saints, and the Angels will strive to pully and hoise him up to Heaven.

Let our dear Martial remember that as he professes Christianity, so he is Governor over Christians: Alas, what we enjoy here, is but slippery and uncertain, and our dignities are full of frailties. It is mecy and good works which refers to immortal felicity, and links men to eternal beatitude; goods got by cruelty and sinister ends, are like

like Bats wings which flutter about for a time, in the obscure rwy-light of this world, but like plummets of lead, hanging upon a mans heels, they will sink them down to Hell, while mercy (like the wings of Eagles) bears them up to the Region of the Sun ; the triumph of a good man, is to have sin in power, and virtue in will, to be able to do evil, and continue it.

But I beseech you heroick Sir, be not displeased, that a little yeap seems to snarl at a Lyon ; if I be too saucy, it is affection which causes me so ; but there is no man so healthful, but sometimes needs the Physician ; a little Cloud may give the Marriner warning of a great Tempest ; no man so holy but may err ; and for a person of your grandure, to have your honour darkned, is ten times worse then for an habitual sinner to dye upon the Gallows ; a black spot is quickly discerned in a beautiful face ; the

Sun is more gaz'd at in one hour when Eclipsed, then in seven years when she shines most corruscantly. Greatness with goodness, sets off the lustre of virtue, else it makes vice more apparent.

Sir, your favours have not been small to me, and so my affections (to level them) cannot be slender to you ; for my life indeed is but a monument of your mercies, and therefore I cover it for nothing more, then that I might live to show the world I love you.

Thus honourable Sir, you being established in Virtue and Renown : Let *Shemys* curse you; let Dogs bark as at the Moon; let your Enemies (swell'd with anger at your prosperity) split like Toads, and lie dead in ditches ; for after the misty Clouds which would darken your honour, after faithfulness

of

of seeming friends, nay after thunder-bolts,
 shot from the Capital of internal Furies, be
 over, then the continual feast of a good
 Conscience will dulcifie all your afflictions;
 for these terrene discontentments are but
 sower sauces to those sweet meats which
 shall be set before you in Eternity of bliss.
 Proceed therefore precious Soul, that ha-
 ving on the wedding garment, you may be
 a welcome guest at that holy Table, and then
 we your poor Servants, whom you have so
 much obliged, shall reverence your name as
 a perpetual monument of glory, built upon
 such strong columns, as the steely teeth of
 time shall never be able to corrode in sun-
 der.

Heroick Martial; if I might stand by,
 When fancy Death will summons you to dye.

I'd ward his streak, by laying down my blood,
 To free a man so generously good.

But if the gods, through pity should be loath,
 To have me dye, not being fit for Death:

And knowing, you adopted for the Throne
 Of Grace, by Life and Conversation;

Should snatch your bright Soul from hence,
 (and even,
 Give it a remove from Earth to Heaven.

I should take leave, in spight of all your
 (powers,
 To make mine eyes out-vie the Clouds with
 (showres.

Till

*Till like that bow-boy, Cupid, blind I prove,
Partly with briney tears, but more through
(Love.*

*But as your blood is fresh, and young you are,
And well-complexion'd, brisk and debonair :*

*There is no fear, but you may live to see,
As many years, as Par, or Latomic.*

*Christ grant you may, else grant good God
(that I
Had ne'r been born, or else being born to dye.*

*Quid dicam homines, quod verum dicere
(licet,
Cæsare de lauro præstantior, editus ille.*

*Ideo non Carcer Bāncus hic regius esto,
Tollit, quod, sensus tunc indulgentia sui.*

I'll like that low boy, Cupid, that I prove
Truly with driving tears, but more through
(Love)

But in your place, I'll be, and young you are
And well-complac'd, bright and handsome

I have no fear but you will be so too,
The many years, as I, or I should be

Oh, if great you may, else you need not
(Love)

And we'll both have, or else being born to do

And when I'm old, and you are young
(Love)

And when I'm old, and you are young

And when I'm old, and you are young

And when I'm old, and you are young



A Narrative of *Newgate*, and both the *Compters*, &c.

BUT now my hand is in, I think it not amiss to speak something concerning *Newgate*, that *Akeldama* or *Sanguineus* place; not forgetting both *Compters*, and the rest of the Devils *Pepper-boxes*. *Newgate* it seems was built by *Hiringtons* Care; I wish she had scratch'd both her Masters eyes out for an old Dog: 'Twere a fine free School, but that she hangs up many of her Disciples; yet some are taught to read, and
escape

escape it, by having the Law in their own hands, with a *fusco ferali*, marking them forsooth like beasts to be known, though to little purpose, for they are sure to find them again. But I wonder there's no better provision for those of the Upper Forme, (the poor Debtors) who pay unmerciful rates for being made Loufie, and used like Dogs.

But what care the Officers, let their Wives, Children, and Relations lie, die, and be Damn'd, so they get their money; and when they have suckt their very hearts blood out, over with them to the Common-side, and there to the old Canvas bag, with pop, pop, *for the Lords sake one Farthing,* & Cætera. And is not this rare, and base, that poor Souls, Planet-struck, and under Fates black Rod, should be thus treated? are not they of the same common stock with *Adam*, and inspir'd with divine Souls? Are they not bought with the precious blood of, Christ, and Consequently our Brethren.

Surely

Surely were our gracious King made thoroughly acquainted with these things, there would be some course taken to redress them. In other Nations it is not so, and I blush to think it should be so here, where Christianity is so much preached, though as little practised. Well, well, have a care you Bull-beggars and Buffoons, that feed fat, like an Oxe against the day of slaughter, and suck the quintessence and marrow of the Land, you will one day be called to an account how you have spent your Talents, and how you have dealt with Christs members here on earth; poor wretches who seem to be born with their heels upward, and Alians to the common-wealth of Fortune, that they should be so cruelly dealt with, as to pay for being restrained & lockt up from liberty? why should *England* (sometimes the glory of the world) be out-done by any Nation that truckle under us, as the *Dutch* or the like; yet God has blest us with a most pious, gracious, merciful and

and Valiant King, who dares deal with De-
 vill and Turk, and would doubtless make us
 all happy, and redress the Enormities, were
 we not so Stiff-neck'd, Rebellious, Treacherous
 Factious, and self-ended, that we grudge to
 afford him wherewith to do it; nay such are
 their Rebellious natures, they begin to grin
 and sneer like Dogs, at their Sovereign Lord
 the King.

But let them have a care, lest the Almight-
 y takes a just revenge upon them, by send-
 ing instead of a Lamb, a Lyon, to rule them
 with a rod of Iron. Every fee-simple, pittie-
 ful, inconsiderable Rascal, dares to bark a-
 gainst this holy Prince, as dogs against the
 Moon, but let them beware lest they be
 mow'd with.

Princes

The first of these is the old-Gods, of the
kind of which I have to find them now
For the first of these is the old-Gods, of the
kind of which I have to find them now
The second of these is the old-Gods, of the
kind of which I have to find them now
The third of these is the old-Gods, of the
kind of which I have to find them now
The fourth of these is the old-Gods, of the
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The fifth of these is the old-Gods, of the
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They are sworn upon their knees to betray their own Children, and so like Villains at last, they betray their own Souls, and then they are bid to rise up Varlets, which is a kind of dubbing them Knights of the Post. For thirty pence, their Father-in-Law *Judas* his fee, they would betray Jesus Christ, were he on earth again.

But now while the poor Arrested Victim is in their Clutches, he shall not be put presently in Prison, but in a barricado'd house, as ill, or worse, where a crew of Sharks will bite him till his bones crack, and then when all is done, away he is marcht to Hell, where Cerberus the Porter thereof, call'd the Turn-key, locks him up, where like a flock of Ravens, about a flea'd horse on a Dung-hill, the Heteroclitcs of the house, *hic & hoc, hunc & hunc*, comes powdering upon him, with *mors in olla*, one plucking a Feather, another a Quill, till he's as bare as a dril's butt.

Item for a pare of lowlie sheets, in which
some itchey Rascal lately lay, ———— 2. s.

And about a week after,

Item for Brimstone and Butter from some
Quaking Apothecary, to cure him, ———— 2. s.

Item for Garnish ———— 3. s. 6. d.
which if not able to pay, off trips the loose
moveables, and into the Celler, with *dedit*
mibi Vestim pignori.

Item, For an earthen Candlestick and a
Chamber-pot of the same mettel, call'd
plate forsooth, ———— 1. s.

Item, About a moneth after, for lying in
an old lowlie Barn, ———— 14. s.
called Chamber-rent forsooth, or else down
a down didle, to the hole so smoothe, to which
Hell compared, is Paradise, where the Old

Proverb is stroke over the thumbs ; a knock,
 but not a bit ; hunger as much as you will,
 but no ease ; a man must take abuses there,
 and be thankful for them, lest grumbling
 with a *quid nunc*, his brains be dash'd out.
 Rake Hell, and scum the Devil ; there's not
 such a damn'd crew to be found ; and yet
 were they as careful, as watchful, there were
 nothing better, for they sleep not all night,
 nor can they, for swearing, cursing, roaring,
 and hallowing ; yet they might be better
 exercis'd ; for, if their bosome friends re-
 fuse to set them at work, their back-biters
 will imploy them with a *circumscriptura*
corpus ; and this is winkt at in this bloody
 beef-eating crewel Nation, where men are
 Woolves one to another ; suffering their
 Brethren to be devoured, flay'd to death,
 and bu ied alive ; thus men become Mur-
 derers, for though the crewel law, *de ex-
 emplo*, justifies it, yet God doth not, and so
 must expect a reward, justly due to such
 cruel

cruel Dogs, which (without great Repen-
tance,) will be damp'd for Homicide.

But take notice, I do not stile the *Bench*
a Prison, in comparison of the rest, because
of the Martials infinite mercies, and huma-
nity, besides the priviledges which belongs
to it.

Mongst all the Sons of men, and those that
(kill,
By locking up, pray call them what you will.

Martials, or Guardians, Devil, or his Dam;
There is but one, that is an honest man:

And he for ought I know, being best of men,
May make attonement for his Brethren.

I should have proceeded a little farther, telling them their own, but their Villanies are so infinite, and they themselves so inconsiderable, and withal so incourigable, and besides, my time so pretious, that I think it not worth my while, to waſt off hours which may be better ſpent in prayers to God, than the Devil may fetch them before they do farther miſchief, and ſo farewell to ſoft.

*When Hell is ready, and the Devil's there,
To entertain ſuch Dogs, as Serjants are.*

*I hope he'll come or ſend for them at leaſt;
Till when I'm ſure, the earth will near be
(bleſt.*

FINIS.

